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A Pastoral Poem

Sacred to the Memory

OF THE HONOURABLE

Lord *Basil Hamiltoun.*

In Prose or Verse 'tis seldom that we can
Paint to the life the frailty of man.

By A. P.

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SPEAKERS.

Amintor *Brother to* Amarillus.
Doron } *Huntſmen.*
Alexis }

Corinda *Servant to* Amarillus.
Amarilla *Wife to* Amarillus.
Amarillus *chief Huntſman.*

Shepherds,
Nymphs,
Satyrs,
Attendents,
&c.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DORON, ALEXIS.

DORON,

WANDRING I went alongſt a River ſide,
Whoſe ſoft & murmuring ſtreams do ſweetly glide
Thro' many fertile fields with ſilent motion,
Paying their tribute to the foaming Ocean.
Long did I gaze on theſe *Heſperian* fields,
And trampling under foot what *Flora* yields,
A Nobler Landskip did arreſt mine Eyes
Where flow'rs do bluſh like to the morning Skyes,
Where Shepherds ſit on beds of Roſe and Lilies,
Tuning their Pipes in praiſe of *Amarillis*;
And other Swains ſit pipeing by the Floods,
On *Amarillas*, Glory of the Woods.
Whileſt *Fauns* and lightfoot Satyres hear the ſound,
And Dance *Levalto's* on the flowry ground.
And all the happy Tenents of the Shade,
At *Amarill's* name ſeem to be glad.
Alexis) O Worthy *Doron*, whither ſhall we go
To trace the Foo'ſteps of the timerous Doe?
Doron) In yonder Plain, there we will make our ſport
Where *Amarillis* doth reſort - - - - - - - -
Alexis) Then to this neighbouring Grove we will draw (near,
Perhaps we may find out *Amintor* here.

They diſcover *Amintor* in a Melancholy Poſture

Mournful *Amintor*, in this gloomy Grove!
Me thinks you've baniſh'd all the thoughts of Love.
And ſorrow now hangs hov'ring o're your brow;
Tell me the thing that I may mourn with you:
What hath ſome Lambkine ſtrayed from the flock?
Or the devouring *Rott* conſum'd your ſtock?
Worthy *Amintor*, leave theſe idle Toys,
To reſtleſs Youth and unto fooliſh Boys,
And follow me. - - - - - - - -

Amintor.) No, *Doron*, no, you do miſtake my Grief
And 'tis not in your pow'r to give relief;
Theſe petty things that trouble other Swains,
Do never Rack *Amintors* wiſer Brains;
But ah! my fears come from another ſourſe:
(For the eternal fate muſt have its courſe)
Alas! I fear my *Amarillus* fall
Which would undo th' *Arcadian* Shepherds all.
Alexis.) Mournful *Amintor*, ſpend not fooliſh tears,
Upon ſuch, idle, vain fantaſtick Fears;
I ſaw him early in the dawning morn,
He wak'd the Buckhear, with his blowing horn,
Nobly he did purſue the flying Deer,
And through his ſavage heart he thruſt a Spear.
How did the neighbouring Huntsmen ſtand amaz'd!
Wondring, admiring, look'd and on Him gaz'd,
How nobly at the ſport rode *Amarillus*!
He might a Patron been to great *Achilles*;
And *Hannibal* might thought it no diſgrace
To've yeilded to our *Hero* in this place.
Why weeps *Amintor* then? what is the cauſe
That from his eyes this ſuddain deluge draws?
Amintor.) By Heaven's I wont believe it to be true,
But ſtill my former Grief I will renew:
And to th' *Arcadian* Shepherds bid adieu.
To unfrequented Deſarts I will fly,
And never more behold the Azure Sky,
But in Eternal Deſolation ly.
Behold there comes *Corinda*, all in rage,
I ſee his face doth doleful things perſage:
O had *Amintor* never ſeen the light!
Or elſe were wrapt in everlaſting night.
O day with wonders fraught! O day of anguiſh!
All things in Nature now begin to languiſh,
Rivers do murmur o'er their purling brooks,
And *Phœbus* on poor mortals wond'ring looks.

T

The flowrs ſhrink in the Meads; the Cedars tall
Looking on man their verdent leaves let fall.
Ah! ſee *Corinda* runs, he runs with ſpeed,
To tell that *Amarallis* now is Dead.
Say, wretch'd *Corinda* ſay, what brought yow here?

ENTERS *CORINDA.*

Corinda.) You know my buſineſs too well I fear.
Cannot yow read into *Corinda*'s face,
What is the thing that brought me to this place?
I ſeek my *Amarillus* here about
I've ſearch'd all day but cannot find him out
I've rune ore hills, o're daills, and verdent Plains,
And by the flowery banks of *Nitis* fair ſtreams
Through horrid Abyſſes and Mountains high,
Whoſe endleſs tops ſeem to uphold the Sky:
To melancholy groves I made my moans,
Whilſt echoing Rocks re-eche'd back my groans.
Thro' ſolitary Woods and diſmal Cells,
I lookt in Fountains and I peept in Wells,
Wearied I trode alongſt the neighbouring ground,
But all in vain he is not to be found:
But when I ſpy'd *Amintor* in the ſhade,
How on a ſuddain did my Heart grow glad!
I wip'd the flowing tears from off mine eyes,
And bid adieu to former miſeries.
Long did my eyes look on this lovely feaſt
I held a ſtrange *Donalma* in my breaſt:
Noble *Amintor* leave this wretched Grove,
And as a Brother, ſhew a Brothers Love.
Amintor.) By all the Gods I'le go, O Bleſs'd be *Pan*,
How happy's *Amarillus* in a Man!
Succeſs attends the bold; we'l go about him,
'Tis better for to dye than live without him:
If he were dead all Mortals would confeſs
This world were nothing but a Wilderneſs.

The wing'd Muſicians in the Air that fly
Would warble furth a mournful melody,
They'd ſing his Obſequies, and then they'd dye.
Oh! what a diſmal face would be on earth?
All things would then forget their former mirth,
And curſe the very hour that gave them Birth.
Behold the Sun deſcends our Horizon,
Wearied with hearing mortals make their moan.
He now has almoſt finiſhed the day,
Yet ſtill we ſquander precious time away.

Exeunt *Amyntor* & *Coridon*, Manent *Doron & Alexis*.

Alexis.) *Doron*, let you and I ſtay ſtill at home,
Sorrow is ſoon enough when it doth come.
Can ſhepherds think to ſtop the *Heavens* decree?
Or can the Gods take any bribery?
We to their ſacred Altars will repair,
And bleſs the *Heavenly* powers for their care,
We'le take the fatted calf from out the Flock,
We'le offer Incenſe, make their Altars ſmo ak

Enter *Amarilla*, attended with *Nymphs*, *Naïds*, &c.

Doron) Illuſtrious Princeſs, Glory of the ſhade,
Since thy appearance here, darkneſs is fled,
Thy preſence makes to us a ſecond day,
And all the airy Phantoms fly away:
Shepherds thy abſence did bewail and mourn
Now overjoy'd they are at thy return.
We wiſht each ſilent gale of wind to bear
Our meſſage, and to waft it in your ear.

Re-enter *Amintor* with a diſjected Countenance.

Amarilla) Strange changes do appear throughout this place,
Eſpecialy into *Amintor's* face,
That comely viſage formerly ſo fair
Seems now the very emblem of diſpair.
What! doth *Urania* fly thy lovely arms?
*Ha*tes thy Embraces, flyes thy lovely charms?

Or

Or hath ſome ſavage monſt u: s beaſt of prey
Aſſaulted thee, and met thee in the way?
Amintor.) It was not beaſts of prey diſform'd me ſo;
It is a thing *Am'rilla* muſt not know.
The thing that makes *Amintor* look ſo ſad,
When known, will ſurely make the World run mad.
The loſs in general doth concern us all.
But ah! ye're ruin'd by this ſuddain fall.
Amarilla.) Ah! ſay no more, *Amintor*, ſtay go on,
What! is our *Amarillus* dead and gone?
I'le fly to *Caverns* in the earths dark womb,
Or with my *Amarillus* to the tomb.
Let mournful fiends in helliſh echoes yell,
Let them inflict the torments that's in Hell,
Let Cataracts of wrath fall down on me
And with my *Amarillus* let me die.
I le go, - - - - - - - *Swoons,*
Amintor.) Help *Doron*, help, aſſiſt us O great *Pan!*
Ah! by the Gods, her face is pale and wan!
Vermilion bluſhes now no more adorn,
Her lovely cheeks but all ſadly forlorn;
Deareſt *Amarilla*, riſe and awake.
Amarilla looking up faintly,
Amar.) Let me the torments of of the Damn'd partake;
Great God to ſnatch away this glorious Sun
When he his courſe had newly but begun!
Old folk like ripen'd fruit fall in the Grave;
But oh the young, the Generous, and Brave,
The noble, witty, generous, and juſt,
To be ſo ſoon mingled with common duſt!
But ſay, *Corinda*, ſay how was he hurl'd
By cruel death into another World?
Did envying Angels fly from their abode,
And in a trice take this our Demigod?

For

For ſure he made a better uſe of Breath
Than in a trivial way to yield to Death.
Amintor. Ah! ſay no more: is *Amarillis* dead?
By this you do but break the bruiſed Reed
Alas! too true; but what I mourn for moſt,
Is in ſo mean a way he ſhould be loſt.
Ah Curſed River! curſed be thy ſtreams,
And all the Scaly flocks that in thee ſwims:
Let Nymphs and Swains thy doleful Banks abhor,
Sink down to *Styx*, on Earth appear no more.

FINIS

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